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CHINESE MISSIONARY AND TRAVELLER IN TIBET.

The heroism of faith finds fresh illustration in the remarkable journey accomplished by Miss Taylor into the jealously-secluded regions of Tibet proper. Going in faith, believing that the Lord had sent her, she traversed thousands of miles where no European foot had ever trodden before. We are aware that certain travellers have crossed Tibet in various directions, but few indeed have penetrated Inner Tibet; and of those known to have reached Lhassa, only two have returned to tell the tale. Apart, however, from any question of priority, the journey just completed is of peculiar interest in that it was definitely undertaken by faith, and in order to open the way for the Gospel.

Miss A. R. Taylor was early led to the knowledge of Jesus. Her thoughts were first directed to the heathen when a school girl at Richmond, Dr. Moffat's son gave an address on Africa, which greatly impressed at least one of his young hearers. The place and power of women in missions, had not then been discovered, and the whole drift of the speaker's appeal was for young men. His plea was, however, so forceful that the sympathetic young pupil almost wished she were a boy that she might go at once. From that time she read all the missionary literature she could obtain, and pondered the theme constantly. Some years later she found that the Lord wanted women for China, that they were being accepted and sent out by the China Inland Mission, and that their labors were being blessed in the Flowery Land. When very young she read in 'Near Home and Far Off' accounts of that strange mysterious region so rigidly closed against Europeans, and in this way Tibet seems to have laid hold of her mind.

In due course Miss Taylor offered herself to and was accepted by the China Inland Mission. In 1884 she went out to China, and having learned the language, worked for a time in Tau-chau, near the Tibetan frontier. She was the first English person to reside in this city, and in 1887 visited the Great Lama monastery of Kum-bum, where the French priests, MM. Gabet and Huc, had previously learned Tibetan. Beyond this point no English traveller had gone, though a few Russians had explored the districts. That great unevangelized land pressed upon Miss Taylor's heart. When our Lord bade his witnesses 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature' He knew all about Tibetan exclusiveness. 'We have,' she reflected, 'received no orders from the Lord that are impossible to be carried out.' In the story of the China Inland Mission, she saw how the great interior of China had seemed hermetically closed until the foot of faith pressed forward, and then strangely and wonderfully it opened before the Lord's servants as they went in to possess: so she believed it would be on 'the roof of the world,' as Tibet has frequently been termed by reason of its altitude. At length she resolved to make the attempt to penetrate Central Asia, and reach, if possible, Lhassa, the sacred city of the Lamas, and the capital of Tibet. This city lies nearer our Indian frontier than China.

Leaving China in 1888, Miss Taylor came home via Australia and India, and went on to Darjeeling, on the Bengal frontier, going to a Tibetan village near Darjeeling, her object being to learn the language. From there she pressed forward into Sikkim (not then under English rule). 'I went,' she says, 'in simple faith, believing that the Lord had called me. I knew that the difficulties were great, and that enemies would be numerous, but I trusted God to take care of me, just as He protected David from the hands of Saul.' She got not far from Kambajong, a Tibetan fort. Here the natives would ask her frequently what they were to do with her body if she died. She told them she was not going to die just then. They have, however, a custom of 'praying people dead,' and to this they resorted, taking care to help their prayers in a very effective manner. One day the chief's wife invited the stranger to eat, and prepared rice and a mixture of eggs for her.

MISS TAYLOR AND NATIVE SERVANT.

Some conversation between the women as she was eating aroused Miss Taylor's suspicion as to the eggs placed before her, and sure enough, after she had partaken she became ill, with all the symptoms of aconite poisoning. The Tibetan chief was greatly alarmed at her living so near the border, and came over and ordered her back to Darjeeling. She refused to go there, but settled down in a hut near a Tibetan monastery called Podang Gumpa, living as best she could.

After a year spent in Sikkim, during ten months of which she never saw a European, being surrounded by natives only, Miss Taylor was led to see that it was the Lord's will she should enter Tibet by way of China. Her stay at Sikkim had, however, not been in vain. First, she had learned the language as spoken at Lhassa, and secondly she had secured a faithful Tibetan servant. This young man, Pontso, is a native of Lhassa. Travelling on the frontier of India he had hurt his feet and was directed to the white stranger for treatment. He had never seen a foreigner before, and the kindness shown him won his heart, so that from that time he has been her constant companion and devoted servant, as well as a follower of Jesus.

Taking him with her, Miss Taylor sailed for Shanghai, went up the great river to Tauchau, a city in Kansuh on the borders of Tibet, and surrounded by Tibetan villages. She visited several large monasteries and became familiar with many phases of Tibetan life and character. In the monasteries she found some intelligent lamas, free from the grosser superstitions, and willing to lend her what assistance she required.

A year was thus spent on the frontier, and at last came the longed-for opportunity of penetrating the interior. It came about thus. A Chinese Mohammedan, Noga, had a wife from Lhassa, and he had promised her mother that he would return to Lhassa with his wife in three years. This he wished to do, but, having no money, he consented to conduct Miss Taylor to the capital, provided she found the necessary horses and funds. Mrs. Noga had already become very friendly with the young English lady, because she could speak her language, which the natives on the Chinese side could not do. Thus the way was prepared, and on September 2, 1892, Miss Taylor and her four servants, two Chinese and two Tibetans, started from Tau-chau for the interior.

The country is one mass of lofty mountains, a large part of it is above the snow line; the roads are merely mountain tracks: while the people seem to live almost wholly by brigandage, preying incessantly on the caravans which traverse the country. Hence the account of the long and arduous journey is simply a narrative of sore hardship amid snow and ice, perils from lawless robbers, and yet graver perils from her faithless and false guide, for Noga proved to be a great rascal, whose only object in taking Miss Taylor into Tibet appeared to be to rob and murder her; in the first he succeeded pretty thoroughly, but in the second he failed, inasmuch as she had 'a shield of defence' of which he dreamt not, and she was kept with a sure hand.

Four days after leaving Tau-chau the little party encountered eight brigands, who were fortunately having tea, and took some time to light up the tinder-boxes of their match-locks. Miss Taylor's party had only five fighting-men, but these, led by a young priest or lama, who was intensely fond of fighting, skilfully kept off the enemy until, after much firing, but no bloodshed, they had to retreat. Three days after, a friendly caravan of Mongols was joined, which much increased the strength of the party. Soon after the entire caravan was surrounded by 200 brigands, firing on all hands. Resistance was useless, and most of the men slipped away, leaving the property to the enemy. Two men were killed and eight wounded, and seven horses and some yaks wounded. At last the lama packed off the two women and Miss Taylor's faithful Tibetan servant, Pontso, calling out to the enemy that they were women. They were allowed to ride away, as it is against the Tibetan custom to fire at a woman. It appeared that this at-

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tack was a piece of retaliation, the Mongols composing the caravan having previously robbed the tribe now attacking them. To prevent their being followed, the assailants took the chief man among the prisoners as a hostage, to be killed if they were pursued. Miss Taylor was amused at the truthful answers returned on all points as to property and as to who was the chief man, but found that absolute truthfulness is part of the etiquette of Tibetan tribal warfare. The people lie terribly in trade or social affairs, but in dealing with an enemy will not stoop to deception.

Meanwhile Noga began, now that he was fairly in the heart of the mountains, to show his hand, and not only tried to strike and abuse Miss Taylor, but attempted again and again to murder her. Humanly speaking, she was only saved by the vigilance of her servant and the ready help of some native villagers and lamas. At length she had to leave Noga and his wife, and with her servant, Pontso, and another Tibetan named Pategn, she pressed on, penniless and comfortless, for the capital. They had many tokens of the presence of God. At one time they lost their way for three days in the mountains, finding afterwards that this had been God's method of sheltering them from a deliberate attempt at murder planned by Noga. Foiled in those purposes, he spread the report that Miss Taylor had gold and precious stones round her body—this being done to tempt the cupidity of the natives to kill her for the booty. Then he went on to Lhassa and told the authorities of her coming. These sent out stringent orders that she must be stopped, but not injured. Thus, when three days' journey from Lhassa, she was arrested by soldiers and brought before an official, who told her that if she resolutely went on he could not stop her, but he would be executed for letting her pass. She would have no man's blood spilt for her, and so—though on the verge of fulfilling her long-cherished idea—she turned back on a terrible return journey to China. The chiefs from Lhassa gave her two horses, an old tent, and some food, as her tents were gone, she being robbed by Noga of two horses, a tent, and nearly all the food, but half-way back the food was finished, and the tent given away, Miss Taylor being misled by the Tibetans.

Sometimes travelling was so dangerous on account of brigands that the escort dare not stop, and travelling went on day and night. On the way to Lhassa, Miss Taylor, with the greatest difficulty, induced them to stay while a tall, strong, servant, a Chinese Mohamedan, lay dying of congestion of the lungs, calling pitiably to Allah to help.

On the return journey another strong man, a Tibetan, died from the effect of the cold, and Miss Taylor herself at great altitudes had repeated attacks of palpitation. Cooking, when there was anything to cook, was most difficult, as the water boiled with so little heat. Frequently pieces of ice, put in to replenish the pan, floated in boiling water some time before melting. Once she was twenty nights in the open air sleeping on the ground, snow falling all the time, as neither tent nor house was to be found. The horses were almost starved, the snow covering everything. The poor animals even ate woollen clothing when they got the chance. A small ration of cheese, mixed with tea and butter, was often all that could be spared for them. Having lost her money, Miss Taylor could not buy a goat. Raw goat's flesh is an emergency food for horses in Tibet, and they like it. In fact, owing to the absence of grass, Tibetan horses will eat almost anything. Crossing fords was a very tiresome task. At first they crossed on rafts, made of inflated skins, with a few branches tied across. Later on, swimming on horseback was the only course, and this meant being up to the waist in water, the horse's head alone visible, and running the risk of tumbling into the torrent, and then on the slippery ice.

A most remarkable experience was the meeting with the tribe known as the Golocks, governed by a woman chief named Wachu Bumo. This is a most ungovernable tribe, amenable neither to Chinese nor to Tibetan authority, and living entirely by plunder. They go out in irresistible parties of 500 to 2,000, and are so certain of victory that the women and children go out to see the fun. Plunder seems to be profitable, for they are the wealthiest tribe in Tibet. Wachu Bumo took quite a fancy to Miss Taylor, and gave her a royal safeguard. Finally, after many adventures, which will be told in her forthcoming book, Miss Taylor reached Ta Chien Fu, in Chinese territory on April 12th, having left the Lhassa district on January 22nd, the first English lady, and certainly the first messenger of the Gospel, to penetrate to the heart of Tibet.

Many readers, profoundly concerned for the spread of the Gospel, will ask what has all this to do with mission work? Much, we reply. As Livingstone by his great journeys opened the way for the Gospel into dark Africa, so our sister expects that God will use her journey to pave the road for missionaries. She believes that the promise stands good: 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you,' and in the name of the Lord God she has taken possession of Tibet, fully anticipating that as soon as the right men arise to go forward and possess the land the way will be made plain, and the Gospel be published in this hitherto inaccessible region.

It must not be forgotten that far away at Leh, on the western side of Tibet, the heroic Moravians are doing good work, and already lives have been laid down for the Tibetans. They have translated the New and part of the Old Testament into the Tibetan language, as well as compiling a Tibetan and English dictionary and a grammar, so making it easy for students of the language. While on the north-east other C.I.M. missionaries, as Mr. and Mrs. Polhill-Turner, are also at work, but in addition to these Miss Taylor pleads for a Tibetan Mission, on the lines of the C.I.M. She asks now for twelve missionaries, six of them medical missionaries, and all, at first, men. Although she, a woman, has penetrated Tibet, she does not think it desirable that women should go at the outset. Few women there are who could stand the hardships. When God raises the men, as she believes He will, she suggests they ought to go to Darjeeling and Sikkim to learn the language, and attempt entrance from that side. Englishmen, she maintains, are greatly respected and admired in Tibet, and once the official barriers are broken down, the way will be easy, for the Tibetans are willing to welcome those who come to teach and relieve suffering. Communications as to Tibet should be sent to the China Inland Mission, 6, Pyrland-road, London, N.—*The Christian.*

DISCOURAGED.

The most consecrated and sincere teacher passes sometimes through dark seasons of discouragement. 'I am so discouraged' is frequently heard from those who, in the opinion of their fellow-workers, have no cause whatever for such a feeling. In a superficial view of Sunday-school work there is that which has a tendency to discourage. One of our most serious faults is that we look at everything from a mere human stand-point, and pass judgment upon results in accordance with this view.

One of the most frequent causes of discouragement to the teacher is a mistaken idea of the nature of his work. His work is one of seed-sowing. The fact is lost sight of. He expects reaping to follow seed-sowing immediately. This is as little the case in the kingdom of grace as in the kingdom of nature. Months of patient toil are sometimes required before the eye of sense sees the first signs of fruit. Zeal pictured to the mind of the teacher bright success, but the colors began to fade in results which fell short of expectation, and his heart was made sick. The nature of the work requires long-continued exercise of faith and patience, and that is very trying to our weak humanity.

Being discouraged unfits the teacher for the successful prosecution of his work. He magnifies the difficulties connected with the work into proportions far above their real size. By yielding to discouragement he wastes strength that should be husbanded for some valuable achievement. A faint heart will dim the eyes and weaken the hands. It is a snare of the enemy of souls, for in this way he can neutralize the best-directed efforts to extend the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Bible is full of exhortations against this state of feeling. When the Israelites were about to encounter the Canaanites in battle, the Lord encouraged them by saying, 'Let not your hearts faint, fear not ..., for the Lord your God is He that goeth with you.' These words, freighted with tenderness and encouragement, are as applicable to us, however humble our sphere of Christian activity may be, as they were to the Israelites. The Word of God, and the experiences of the past in all ages, teach that the lowest depths of discouragement are sometimes reached when we are on the eve of doing something more for the Master than ever before.

Toil on, pray on, hope on; your work is not in vain. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'—*Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.*

ICELAND has a population of seventy-three thousand, men and women being political equals. The mothers teach the future citizens and in all the island there is not an illiterate after the age of seven; there are no prisons, no police, no extremely rich and no miserably poor.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 19, 1893.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Eph. 4: 20 32.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'—Eph. 4: 32.

HOME READINGS.

M. Eph. 3: 1-21.—The Love which Passeth Knowledge.
T. Eph. 4: 1-19.—Warning against the Sins of the Gentiles.
W. Eph. 4: 20-32.—Imitation of Christ.
Th. Eph. 5: 1-33.—Walk in Love, as Christ Loved Us.
F. Phil. 2: 1-16.—Christ our Example.
S. John 13: 1-17.—An Example of Humility.
S. Matt. 18: 23-35.—The Punishment of the Unforgiving.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Righteousness and Holiness. vs. 20-24.
II. Truth and Honesty. vs. 25-28.
III. Kindness and Forgiveness. vs. 29-32.

TIME.—Autumn, A. D. 62; Nero emperor of Rome: Albinus, the successor of Festus, procurator of Judea: Agrippa king of Trachonitis, etc.

PLACE.—Written at Rome while Paul was prisoner there.

OPENING WORDS.

Ephesus was a city of Asia Minor, on the river Cayster, about forty miles south of Smyrna. It was celebrated for a magnificent temple of Diana. In this city Paul labored nearly three years. (See Lessons V. and VI. of last quarter.) This epistle, written during the early part of the imprisonment at Rome, is the expression of the love he felt for a people among whom he had labored so long.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

20. *Learned Christ*—Phil. 3: 10. To know Christ is the great lesson of the Christian life. 21. *Taught by him*—Revised Version, 'taught in him.' 22. *Conversation*—manner of life. *The old man*—your old unconverted nature. 23. *In the spirit of your mind*—in your new spiritual nature. 24. *The new man*—2 Cor. 5: 17; Gal. 6: 15. *Created in righteousness and true holiness*—Revised Version, 'in righteousness and holiness of truth.' Rom. 1: 25; 3: 7; 15: 8. 25. *Members one of another*—belong to one body, have one interest. 26. *Be ye angry, and sin not*—by being in anger without or beyond just cause. 28. *The thing which is good*—in a lawful and useful business. 30. *Grieve not*—by refusing or neglecting to follow his directions. *Are sealed*—Revised Version, 'were sealed.' *Unto the day of redemption*—kept safe unto complete salvation. 32. *Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you*—Revised Version, 'even as God also in Christ forgave you.' God has shown himself forgiving to you. It is but just that you should be so to your fellow-men, whose offences against you are as nothing compared with yours against God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Ephesus? What have you learned of Paul's labors in that city? When and where did he last meet the elders of Ephesus? What farewell counsels did he give them? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HOLINESS. vs. 20-24.—What cautions did Paul give in the verses preceding our lesson passage? What was the moral condition of other Gentiles? In what respect were those whom Paul addressed different? What did he exhort them to do? Meaning of *the old man*? What were they to put on? Meaning of *the new man*? How is the new man described? What does the apostle say in 2 Cor. 5: 17?

II. TRUTH AND HONESTY. vs. 25-28.—What is Paul's counsel about truthfulness? What reason does he give for speaking the truth? What is his counsel about anger and wrath? What must the one who has been dishonest do? What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?

III. KINDNESS AND FORGIVENESS. vs. 29-32.—How are we to guard our words? What solemn caution is given in verse 30? How may the Holy Spirit be grieved? What work of the Holy Spirit is here mentioned? What practical duties enjoined in verses 31 and 32? By what example of forgiveness are they enforced? What do we pray for in the fifth petition of the Lord's prayer?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Receive Christ as your Teacher and learn of him.
2. Seek the renewing, sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.
3. Live a new life of righteousness and holiness.
4. Be pure, truthful and honest in all your words and ways.
5. Be kind and tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God in Christ forgave you.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What does the apostle exhort us to do in verse 24? Ans. Put on the new man, which after God hath been renewed in righteousness and holiness of truth.
2. What is his next direction?—Ans. Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.
3. What counsel in verse 26? Ans. Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath.
4. What duties are next enjoined? Ans. Honesty, industry and purity of speech.
5. With what counsel does the lesson close? Ans. Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God also in Christ forgave you.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 26, 1893.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.—Col. 3: 12-25.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.'—Psalm 101: 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Col. 1: 1-29.—'Redemption through His Blood.'
T. Col. 2: 1-23.—'So walk Ye in Him.'
W. Col. 3: 1-25.—The Christian Home.
Th. Col. 4: 1-18.—'Continue in Prayer.'
F. Eph. 5: 19-23.—Practical Duties.
S. Eph. 6: 1-24.—'Be Strong in the Lord.'
S. Psalm 101: 1-8.—'I will Behave Myself Wisely.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Spirit of Love. vs. 12-14.
II. The Spirit of Peace. vs. 15-19.
III. The Spirit of Obedience. vs. 20-25.

TIME.—A.D. 62; Nero emperor of Rome; Albinus procurator of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Trachonitis.

PLACE.—Written at Rome while Paul was a prisoner in that city, about A.D. 62.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

12. *Bowels of mercy*—Revised Version, 'a heart of compassion.' 13. *A quarrel*—Revised Version, 'a complaint;' cause of blame. *Christ*—who had an infinitely greater cause of complaint against us. 14. *Charity*—love. *The bond of perfectness*—as binding together all other graces, and making the Christian character complete. 15. *The peace of God*—Revised Version, 'the peace of Christ.' John 14: 27. 16. *The word of Christ*—which he has spoken and caused to be proclaimed. *With grace in your hearts*—the psalm of love should be in the heart before the lips give utterance to it. 17. *In the name of the Lord Jesus*—his glory should be the aim of all our actions. *By him*—'through him,' as the channel of his grace to us and of our thankfulness to him. 20. *Unto the Lord*—Revised Version, 'in the Lord.' 23. *In all things*—unless they command you to do wrong. *Singleness of heart*—meaning just what we appear to mean. 23. *As to the Lord*—with an eye to his glory and his command.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE SPIRIT OF LOVE. vs. 12-14.—With what exhortation does our lesson begin? What spirit must we exercise toward one another? How are we to feel toward those against whom we have cause of complaint? By whose example is this duty enforced? With what crowning grace are we to be clothed? How is love the *bond of perfectness*?

II. THE SPIRIT OF PEACE. vs. 15-19.—What counsel is given in verse 15? Meaning of *to the which ye are called in one body*? What parting legacy did Christ give his disciples?—John 14: 27. What is Paul's next counsel? v. 16. In whose name are we to do all things? For what are we to give thanks? Through whom? What duty is required of wives? Of husbands?

III. THE SPIRIT OF OBEDIENCE. vs. 20-25.—What duty is required of children? Why? How far is this duty required? Which is the first commandment with promise? What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment? What duty is required of fathers? How should they bring up their children? Eph. 6: 4. What duty is required of servants? How should this service be rendered? How are we to do everything? Who will reward faithful service? How shall he that doeth wrong be treated? What is said of God's impartiality?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All our life should be governed by love—love to God and love to man.
2. Children should love, honor and obey their parents.
3. Parents should rule their children with loving authority.
4. Husbands and wives should be governed by the purest affection.
5. Servants must obey their masters, and masters must treat their servants justly.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What counsel is given in verse 14? Ans. Put on love, which is the bond of perfectness.
2. What is required of husbands and wives? Ans. They must live together in mutual love.
3. What command is given to children? Ans. Children, obey your parents in all things.
4. What command is given to parents? Ans. Provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged.
5. What duty is required of servants? Ans. Obey your masters, not with eye service, but in singleness of heart, fearing the Lord.
6. What rule of conduct is given for all? Ans. Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SPONGE CAKE.

BY ALICE A. MCKOON.

Ever since I began to dabble in eggs and sugar and flour, I have had a mania for trying recipes for sponge cake. My experiments have been as the sands of the sea for multitude, and have ranged from the variety made with a dozen eggs, sugar, flour, and no baking-powder (which, by the way, rewarded me by falling flat as a pancake), through many combinations and concoctions down to the batter nearly as thin as water. For some time I used a recipe for cream sponge cake that was like the little girl we have all heard of—when it was good it was very, very good, and when it was bad it was horrid—tough as sole-leather. So I gave it up at last, as no dependence could be placed upon it.

From time to time I have congratulated myself that I had at last found the ideal cake and might cease from further experiments, only to discover that my new 'rule' was 'unreliable' like its predecessors, and that I must betake myself to 'pastures new.'

But now I can say 'Eureka, for my present recipe has been in constant use for over eight years, and the most fastidious member of the household has never suggested a change. The formula runs thus: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, three eggs, a pinch of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, two cups of flour, and extract of lemon to taste. To insure success it is necessary to add a generous allowance of 'judgment,' else the result may prove as unsatisfactory as did a certain young housekeeper's 'One, Two, Three, Four' cake. She said she knew the recipe was all right, for she learned it when she was a little girl, and was careful to follow it exactly, using one cup of flour, two cups of sugar, three cups of butter, and four cups of eggs. But for some reason the cake did not bake right, and John would not even taste of it.

After repeated experiments I have chosen the following method of 'mixing' my sponge cake as certain to produce the best results: I put the sugar in a large earthenware bowl, pour the water over it and let it dissolve while I beat the yolks of the eggs to a yellow foam, which is then added to the sugar and water. Then I put in the sifted flour with the baking-powder, also well sifted, and the pinch of salt (which I sometimes forget if I am in a hurry), and stir all together till the batter is smooth. Then I add the whites of the eggs, beaten till they will stand alone, and the flavoring, and pour the mixture into a cake-pan lined with buttered-paper.

This makes a large loaf, and takes about forty minutes to bake—rather more than less. Much depends upon the baking, for if the oven is very hot at first it has a tendency to make the cake dry. I once asked a friend who had begged the recipe what success she had, and she replied 'O it was as dry as a chip! Not in the least like yours.' That was easily explained when I found that she had put it into a very hot oven and baked it less than half an hour. Therefore have only a 'moderate' oven to begin with, and if there is any need for hurry let it be at the finish rather than the start. When properly baked this sponge cake, if kept in a close tin box, will remain moist and delicious for two weeks or more.

The recipe makes such a large loaf that I often take out enough batter for a 'roll' jelly cake, and still have enough for a respectable loaf. Sometimes I make a cream or chocolate roll, only whatever 'filling' is used it must be spread on with haste, and the cake rolled up in a cloth as quickly as possible, or the edges will get crisp and break. Sometimes, too, I save out batter enough to fill a generous pie-tin, and serve it warm with liquid sauce for a 'cottage pudding.' This is frequently made for the benefit of the one who never eats cake, but is a lover of all kinds of puddings. He will accept a good sized triangle, flood it with sauce, and eat it with evident appreciation. But if we urge him next day to take some cake he will refuse with thanks, saying 'You know I don't care anything for cake!' It is a standing joke in the family, and we call him Consistency.

AROUND THE TABLE.

Does it ever occur to you that the daily gathering around the family board is an opportunity for the pleasantest as well as the most lasting impressions? Nowhere are the amenities of life more enjoyable nor more quickly recognized than at the table. There, too, not only family affairs are discussed, but those of the state and nation. It is the place for ideas to be exchanged, the place for good cheer and sympathy. The common interests, the pleasant familiarity with different individual tastes combine to make each meal a pleasant season. Can you not recall delightful letters from some old friend that gave an unwonted zest to the dinners where they were read, or the amusing story your father told when he laughed until he cried?

The birthday breakfasts of children sometimes make a great many days happy for them.

It was the tired, overworked wife of a poor minister that contrived to brighten her table as well as her children by placing at every plate a spray of red clover blossoms.

So when providing dainty appointments for the table, and appetizing dishes, forget not to secure all the graciousness that you admire, some table talk of charming things, some good thought or helpful work, as well as an abundance of that other element, 'consideration for others,' which will outweigh all other provisions in making meal-time a joy to remember.—*Ram's Horn.*

TO REMOVE SPOTS AND STAINS.

There is not a day in the year when the housekeeper is not called upon to remove spots or stains from clothing, bed or table linen, furniture, carpets, silver or brasses, and to know how to do this quickly and effectually is an immense saving of time and temper.

Grease spots are perhaps those with which we have most often to deal, and though sufficiently discouraging, can usually be removed by patience and the proper means.

Ammonia is one of the most useful articles with which to take grease from cloth. For this purpose it should be diluted about one-half, and then tested on a piece of the goods before putting it on the garment. If it changes the color, dilute still more. Indeed, it is a wise precaution to test all cleaning compounds upon a bit of the material before using. To use, place several thicknesses of old cotton cloth under the goods to be cleaned, and then rub briskly with the diluted ammonia. Work this out gently with clear water, and repeat if necessary using clear water last.

Benzine or naptha will dissolve grease, but as generally used the trouble is augmented. The best method I have found is to place the soiled spot between two pieces of blotting paper and press with a warm iron, allowing it to remain on some time that the grease may be absorbed as much as possible. Then, using a sponge, dampen the spot thoroughly with benzine, stroking gently towards the centre. Absorb this with blotting paper and repeat with benzine till you are sure no trace of the grease remains, when the benzine must be washed out with clear water and the goods pressed between two pieces of cloth, using the iron on the wrong side.

Wheel grease on wash goods can be taken out by using cold water and soap. If the spot has been on a long time, first rub it well with kerosene oil. Should the material still show a yellow stain rub with ammonia and then wash with soap.

Magnesia will remove grease from silk or woollen goods. Rub freely on both sides and hang away for a few days. For delicate colors use ether applying without rubbing and scraping off the adhering substance as fast as it becomes softened.

To remove tar, paint or rosin from woollen or silk, soak in pure alcohol for twenty or thirty minutes, and then rub gently, repeating if necessary,

To remove wax from cloth, hold a hot iron as near it as possible without scorching, when the wax will evaporate. Lay between heavy brown paper, when, if any stain remains, wipe off with a bit of cloth dipped in best benzine or alcohol.

Grease spots are frequently found on carpets, especially those of the dining room. An excellent mixture to use in such cases is made of two ounces of ammonia, the same of the best white castile soap, and one ounce each of glycerine and ether. The soap is shaved fine and then dissolved over the fire in one pint of soft water, when two quarts more water is to be added. The glycerine and ether are then put in and the mixture is shaken, bottled and corked. To use, add one half pint of this to an ordinary pail of water, and wash the soiled articles in it, rinsing afterwards. If hot grease is spilled on a floor or carpet it is a good plan to deluge at once with cold water, that it may harden and be scraped up. Flour or meal sprinkled over the oil or grease will help to absorb it if left on for some time.

What is more discouraging than soot carelessly spilled upon carpets in putting up or taking down stovepipes? When this occurs on no account put water on it, but run to the kitchen for the salt box and throw handfuls upon the offending spot, scraping up as often as discolored. I have cleaned very light and delicate carpets in this way, so that no one but myself ever knew of the accident.

Salt is also excellent for removing ink stains from carpets or woollen goods, when the ink is all absorbed, moistening the salt with sufficient water to make it act on the ink. I have in this way entirely removed ink from a light Brussels carpet when it had become dry before my attention was called to it. Sometimes milk proves more effectual. First absorb the ink with blotting paper and then pour on sweet skim-milk and absorb with bits of soft old cloth, repeating as long as necessary. When dry, if any grease is left by the milk take up with benzine.—*H. Maria George, in N. Y. Observer.*

KEEP UP WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. M. C. RANKIN.

'Isn't the physics lesson awful hard?' inquired Charlie Blake of Fred Bellamy, a new boy who had lately entered the high school.

'I thought it was going to be,' was the reply, 'but mother read it over with me and then we talked about it, and the first I knew I had it all.'

'Your mother!' exclaimed Charlie, 'why, is she a teacher?'

'She isn't anything but just my mother,' returned Fred, a trifle indignantly. 'What makes you ask that?'

'Oh, I don't know. Only I say it's funny she should study physics. Now isn't it?'

'Why?' demanded Fred.

'Oh, I don't know, only my mother would never have time. I shouldn't wonder if she didn't know what physics means. Anyway, she doesn't know I'm studying it.'

'Nor your father, either?' asked Fred.

'Oh, sometimes I ask him about things, but he always says he used to get his lessons alone, so I don't bother him much.'

As the two boys joined the crowd which was entering the high school gate, I wondered how many of their mothers did not know what their boys and girls were studying. If mothers only realized what an influence and hold on their children is lost through ignorance of their pursuits, I am sure they would reform.

Do not say you haven't the time. Spend less time in society, in having a needless variety on your table, in thinking about and making your clothes, or in sweeping and scrubbing; but do keep up with your children.

If when they commence to attend school you begin to look over their lessons with them every day and continue the habit, you will be surprised to find how little time it takes, and how easily you go from one subject to another, even those which you never studied before. The benefit is twofold. Always seeking to make the lesson attractive to your child, your mind is kept active, while he thoroughly understands and enjoys what otherwise would be a dreary task.

If you find your child has a special taste for botany, geology, or any other study, encourage him in it by showing that you enjoy it too. Be patient when he rushes in with his arms full of common flowers or stones. Show him how to arrange them and insist upon his taking care of them himself. If he is unwilling to do this, his interest is not very deep. Go with him, as often as you can, into the fields and woods and help him in collecting specimens. If he has a genius for mechanics, not only make an effort to provide him with suitable tools and a work-room, but take an interest in every piece of work he attempts. It is safe to say that every child has a talent for something, and he should be encouraged to make the most of this talent.

The secret of success in bringing up boys is to make them love their home, so that they will be happier there than anywhere else. If they feel that father and mother like to hear about everything they do, even down to trading a jack-knife, that they are ready to listen to every new plan and experience, then they are not very likely to want to spend their evenings out, nor to have any friends or adventures which must be kept secret. If they know that father and mother keep track of their lessons and are anxious to have them understand every one, they will enjoy their studies and learn three times as much as they otherwise would.

I don't believe in helping them much. Teach them to help themselves, to rely upon their own powers, and you will have taught them one of the great lessons of life. —*Christian at Work.*

HOW TO SWEEP.

For sweeping a room neatly there is nothing like newspaper aid. Take a page of newspaper, or other paper, at a time, wet in hot water and squeeze it until it ceases to drip. Tear into pieces the size of one's hand and cast them all over the carpet. Then sweep, and most of the dust in the room, if you use your broom judiciously, will be gathered into the papers. On matting use larger pieces of paper, pushing them about ahead of the broom, to take off fluff, if any, before beginning the regular sweeping. After a velvet or other heavy-pile carpet is thoroughly swept, a sponging with ammonia and water will preserve its brightness wonderfully. About once a month, after sweeping, take a pailful of warm water, adding thereto a teaspoonful of ammonia or turpentine. Two spoonfuls of the latter will do good, it being a preventive against moths. Go over the whole carpet with a large soft cloth or sponge, wrung so as not to drip. Doubtless you will be surprised at the rapid discoloration of the water. If the carpet be large and much soiled and dusty, the water should be changed once or twice.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

RECIPES.

(*From Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.*)

TOAD IN THE HOLE.—This is an English dish, and a good one, despite the unpleasant name. One pound of round steak, one pint of milk, one cupful of flour, one egg, and salt and pepper. Cut the steak into dice. Beat the egg very light; add milk to it, and then half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour upon the flour, gradually, beating very light and smooth. Butter a two-quart dish, and in it put the meat. Season well, and pour over it the batter. Bake an hour in a moderate over. Serve hot. This dish can be made with mutton and lamb in place of steak.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart can of tomato, two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, a pint of hot water. Let tomato and water come to a boil. Rub flour, butter, and a tablespoonful of tomato together. Stir into boiling mixture, add seasoning, boil all together fifteen minutes, rub through a sieve, and serve with toasted bread. This bread should first be cut in thin slices; should be buttered, cut into little squares, placed in a pan, buttered side up, and browned in a quick oven.

BOILED TURKEY WITH CELERY.—Chop half a head of celery very fine. Mix with it one quart of bread crumbs, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, and two eggs. Stuff the turkey with this; sew up and truss. Wring a large square of white cotton cloth out of cold water, and dredge it thickly with flour. Put the turkey in this, and plunge into boiling water. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes; then set back where it will simmer. Allow three hours for a turkey weighing nine pounds, and twelve minutes for every additional pound. Serve with celery sauce. The stuffing may be made the same as above, only substitute oysters for celery, and serve with oyster sauce.

COMMON FISH BALLS.—One pint of finely chopped cooked salt fish, six medium-sized potatoes, one egg, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, pepper, two tablespoonfuls of cream, or four of milk. Pare the potatoes, and put on in boiling water. Boil half an hour. Drain off all the water, turn the potatoes into the tray with the fish, and mash light and fine with a vegetable masher. Add the butter, pepper, milk, and eggs, and mix all very thoroughly. Taste and see if salt enough. Shape into smooth balls, the size of an egg, and fry brown in boiling fat enough to float them. They will cook in three minutes. If the potatoes are very mealy it will take more milk or cream to moisten them, about two spoonfuls more. If the fat is smoking in the centre, and the balls are made very smooth, they will not soak fat; but if the fat is not hot enough, they certainly will. Putting too many balls into the fat at one time cools it. Put in say four or five. Let the fat regain its first temperature, then add more.

MOTHER'S HYMNS.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended;
The singer sleeps at last;
While I sit gazing at her arm-chair vacant,
And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,
As, singing soft and low
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,
She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph
Of loud-toned trumpet's call.
Bidding the people prostrate fall before Him.
'And crown Him—Lord of all.'

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,
That loaned upon His word,
Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection
'I love Thy kingdom, Lord.'

Safe hidden in the wondrous 'Rock of Ages,'
She bade farewell to fear;
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,
She read her title clear.

Joyful she saw 'from Greenland's icy mountains'
The gospel flag unfurled;
And knew by faith 'The morning light is breaking'
Over a sinful world.

'There is a fountain'—how the tones triumphant
Rose in victorious strains—
'Filled with that precious blood, for all the ransomed,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.'

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pain nor sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,
The Lover of her soul.

—*Boston Journal.*

'A REARLING.'

BY ELIZA CHESTER ATWOOD.

(Concluded.)

She would hear the girls laughing and talking over things which sounded so interesting; but if she drew near they would stop immediately and stare at her in stony silence. She made a good many attempts to gain their friendship at first, but they were received so coolly or ignored so completely that she finally gave it up. They were not afraid of her complaining, for, little as they understood her character, they knew by instinct that there was nothing of the tell-tale about her.

Mild and gentle as she was, however, the time came for her—like the proverbial worm—to turn; they went one day a little too far. It had been a dull, rainy day, and unfortunately, a half holiday; they could not go out for their usual walk and raid upon the candy stores. There was nothing to do in the house. Miss Peckham had a headache and retired to her own room, leaving them to their own devices. Hester, glad of a quiet afternoon for reading, had taken 'Jane Eyre' from the bookcase, and, retreating to a corner of the library, was deep in its fascinations, when she heard a wild burst of laughter from the schoolroom. She did not pay any attention to it at first, but presently Betty Ray, one of the smallest girls, came into the library, calling: 'Hester!' Hester, without looking up from her book, asked her what she wanted. 'The girls want you to come into the schoolroom,' she said.

Hester started up in pleased amazement, it was so unheard of a thing for them to want her, that, although she was in a most interesting part of the book, she went right into the schoolroom, keeping her finger in the leaves at her place.

There was not a girl to be seen. There was a dull glow from the fireplace and scattered chairs and books as if there had been a hurried scurrying from the room. She turned to go out, in proud disgust, when she saw confronting her on the blackboard a rough picture of herself.

It was a tall girl, with abbreviated skirts and a checked apron, hugging in her arms a huge tenpin dressed up for a baby, and printed in large letters above it were the words:

MISS SOPHIA'S REARLING, A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The face was wonderfully like hers, and the whole thing was well done. There was only one girl in school who could have done it, and that was her roommate, Jennie Scott. She stood looking at it in speechless wrath. She had never been called a 'rearling' before, although it was an old-fashioned way in that part of the country of speaking of a child who had been adopted; it was not necessarily a term of contempt, but in this connection it roused all of the evil in her nature and made her perfectly furious. It was the climax of too many insults and injuries for her to bear it meekly; then, too, the scene with Jane Eyre and John Reed in the library may have helped to fire her blood.

'I hate them all,' she said to herself, her eyes filling with angry tears. 'I should like to do something dreadful to them;' and she dashed at the blackboard and began hastily rubbing the picture off.

Just at this unfortunate moment Jennie Scott put her laughing face in the door and sang: 'What's the matter with Hester?' And a voice from the hall answered: 'She's all right.'

It was too much for Hester's endurance; she turned quickly, and with unerring aim, threw the blackboard rubber directly in her face.

There was a piercing shriek, which brought Miss Peckham from her room, a rushing of many footsteps, and a crowd of girls collected in a moment about Jennie Scott, wiping the blood from her face and talking loudly. Hester stood facing them, pale with fright and anger, saying nothing.

'What is the meaning of all this?' asked Miss Peckham, turning to Hester. Hester turned speechlessly and pointed at the board. Miss Peckham looked at the partially obliterated picture in silence. 'Who did that?' she asked. No one answered. 'Go to your room,' she said to Hester. 'I will inquire into this matter later.'

Hester only too gladly hurried from the room and up the stairs. She had been too angry to even wonder how they had found out the secret of the tenpin doll; but when she reached her room she had no need to question; for scattered all about in the corner of the large closet where their trunks were kept, were the few treasures she had brought from the old house, and among them the tenpin doll which she had hidden in the lower part of her trunk, never meaning that it should see the light of day.

Hester seized the poor, inoffensive wooden thing which had been such a comfort to her in days gone by and crammed it down in the bottom of the trunk, then thrusting the other things upon it and burying it from sight, she put down the lid and, throwing herself face downward on the bed, gave herself up to her grief. She could not see why they should all treat her so badly. She began to believe that there was something wrong with her, some wicked strain of blood or ancestry which she did not know about. She was sure she had done all she could to make them like her, but now it was no use trying any longer.

It began to grow dark and the teabell rang. She did not go down. She would have starved, she thought, rather than face those girls. The maid came up to call her; but she said she had a headache and did not wish any supper, and then she undressed herself and crept into bed. Pretty soon the maid came back and said Miss Peckham wished to see her in the library in the morning before breakfast.

Little did Miss Peckham think where she would see Hester in the morning!

By and by the girls came up to bed. Hester pretended to be asleep. Jennie had a martyr-like expression and spoke in a languid whisper, and Nellie Brown made much of her and cast many scornful looks at Hester's bed.

'I always knew she was hateful,' she said; 'but I didn't think she was a murderess.'

'No, nor I,' said Jennie, plaintively; 'just for a little joke, too.'

Hester lay awake long after they lay quietly on their pillows. She had longed to tell them what she had thought of them from beginning to end, but she knew it would do no good; she made up her mind that she would ask Mr. Morgan if she could not go away to some other school where the girls knew nothing about her, 'for,' she said to herself, 'nothing, not even an earthquake, would make them like me now.' Then she fell into a troubled sleep.

Something happened that night that made the girls like her, and more than like her; but it was not an earthquake, although it was something almost as bad.

Hester woke suddenly about midnight, thinking she heard Miss Sophia call her. She tried to answer, but something seemed to choke her; she felt as if there were a hand on her throat, then there was a flash of light across her face, and she waked up suddenly and sat up straight in her bed. Jennie and Nellie were sleeping quietly. The room was strangely light. She could see every object distinctly. There was a queer little, licking flame creeping up the angle of the turret by their window. Suddenly she heard the boom, boom of the fire bell, and she knew what it all meant.

With one bound she was out of bed and shaking the girls to rouse them from their heavy slumbers. It was hard work to waken them; they were inclined to be resentful; but when she finally succeeded the flames were rising high above the window sash and flashing on the wall. They shrieked with fright and rushed to the door, but the key would not turn in the lock. They screamed again, and began pounding on the door with their fists; but there were too many other people screaming at this time for their voices to be heard, and their tender hands made no sound that could be distinguished above the rushing of the flames.

'Let me try,' said Hester, white and trembling; 'my hands are stronger than yours.'

But it was of no use. They seemed to be forgotten of God and man.

'Oh, it is too dreadful,' wailed Jennie, 'to be burned to death like flies in a trap;' and they both sank down on the floor with their arms around each other.

Hester stood for a moment looking at them; she felt that they were her care now. A sudden thought struck her, and she rushed into the closet. Yes, she was right; the flames had not yet reached that window, although they were rapidly approaching. There might be time to save those two if they wasted not a moment; but for herself—her heart quailed for a moment; a couplet which has struck her forcibly when she read it flashed through her mind:

'My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure;'

and with a silent prayer to God that he would give her body the 'strength of ten' and her soul the purity of unselfishness, she flew back into the room.

'Girls,' she said, 'there is a chance for you if you will do just as I tell you. Put on your blanket wrappers and bed-slippers as quickly as possible and come right into the closet.

Tremblingly they obeyed her, and she tore quickly into strips Miss Peckham's winter blankets, which were upon the shelf, knotting them into ropes, watching anxiously all of the time the rapidly approaching flames. Then, tying a wet handkerchief over Jennie's mouth, she tied the rope firmly about her waist and lowered her from the sill, bidding her keep her eyes closed until she felt herself safe.

There was a wild shout from the crowd on the lawn, and a man came rushing with a ladder. Just then the wind changed and a great cloud of smoke came between her and Jennie.

She groaned, and Nellie, with a wild scream, fell on the floor, giving herself up as lost. Then she felt the rope slacken, and quickly drawing it up, she pulled Nellie to her feet, an inert, helpless mass, and tying it about her waist pushed her over the windowsill and swung her out into the air. She heard a wild cheer from below, a hot blast swept over her face and her lungs filled up with suffocating smoke. She tried to tie the other rope about her own waist; but her hands refused to move. She had used up all of her strength on others. She felt that all was over, and, with a faint thought of the mother whom she had never known, she sank upon the floor and lost consciousness entirely.

But the end had not come yet for Hester. The firemen were not to be outdone in bravery by a young girl. They scaled the burning walls, fighting the smoke and flames, and brought her out singed and blackened, but breathing still.

When she opened her eyes again to consciousness, the snow lay soft and thick and white in lane and meadow, and the winter sunbeams fell across a pair of thin white hands which lay folded on Miss Sophia's spare-room counterpane.

Hester looked at them wonderingly; she could hardly believe that they were her own. But little by little it all came back to her, and then as she grew stronger Miss Peckham came to see her and cry over her and tell her what a brave girl she thought her; and then Nellie and Jennie came.

They did not say much, for Hester would not let them; but she had never had such bear's hugs in her life as she received from those two girls. All quarrelling was over between them forever; and when Miss Peckham's school was rebuilt and Hester was able to go back they begged that they might room together again; and they were devoted friends ever after. And from being the most despised girl in the school, Miss Sophia's Rearling became the most popular, and the dreams of her childhood were fully realized.

Among the choicest treasures in her possession was a blue velvet case, on whose satin bed lay a little gold brooch set thickly with pearls, made in exactly the same shape as the Victoria cross, and sent her with a loving note from Jennie's and Nellie's parents.

A FLORIST'S LITTLE LESSON.

There is more wisdom than humor in this clipping from the *Detroit Free Press*. Perhaps there would be fewer unhappy homes if the advice here set forth were more generally acted upon.

He stopped a moment on his way home to look in a florist's window, and the florist, who saw him, asked him inside to see something extra fine.

'You don't buy any more flowers now?' said the florist.

'No,' was the response, given good-naturedly, though it was brief.

'And it used to be, a year ago or more, that roses and violets and carnations and all sorts were a great attraction to you?'

'Yes; I had a sweetheart then,' and the man blushed and laughed.

'You used to take her a flower every time you went to see her, didn't you?' pursued the inquisitive, kindly old florist.

'Yes.'

'And they didn't cost very much, as a rule, did they?'

'Oh, no; but that didn't make any difference to her. If I brought them fresh and fragrant, that was enough.'

'Why don't you take them to her now? Did she close another in your stead?' and the florist's voice was sympathetic.

'Oh, no; I married her a year ago.'

The florist waited a moment, as if thinking.

'And you don't love her now?' he asked, cautiously, as if treading on thin ice.

'Of course. We are very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more.'

'Did she ever say so?' asked the florist.

'Well—um—er—no, I can't say that she ever did.'

'Have you ever asked her about it?'

'No. I never happened to think of it. Busy, you know, with all sorts of things so much more *practical*.'

The florist didn't answer. He went to a pot of roses and violets, and, taking a handful, he handed them over to his late customer.

'There,' he said, 'I give them to you in remembrance of old times. You might take them to your wife, and if she doesn't like them, you bring them back to me.' But they never came back.

IF ANY MAN THIRST.

Oh come to drink from nature's wells
Thy thirsty soul to fill;
Hark to the voice of one who tells
Of water deep and still.
Jesus the Christ is at the well—
To meet thee, thirsty soul—
There all His heart of love to tell,
To heal and make thee whole.

HOW MR. GLADSTONE WORKS.

(BY HIS DAUGHTER IN THE 'YOUTH'S COMPANION.)

'Take it away. How can I do two things at once?' These are perhaps the very first well authenticated words ever used by Mr. Gladstone. He was then a small boy doing his lessons, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a nurse, bringing him a dose of physic. The words will seem to some a foreshadowing of the astuteness of the 'old parliamentary hand,' who can find an escape out of any situation; but to those who know Mr. Gladstone more than superficially, they contain one of the secrets of the sureness and success of his work.

'Never overload your ship; never let your business overlap.' That has been his first rule. His second rule, but not second in importance is, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

So it has come to pass that each person who meets him on his own subject or work in life feels that that is the subject in which Mr. Gladstone's real heart lies. Nobody who has watched him and taken note of the intensity with which he throws himself into the subject in hand can be surprised at this. The theologian, the scholar, and the politician, each in turn would say that Mr. Gladstone was before all things a theologian, a scholar, a politician, while even subjects, unimportant in themselves, when brought before him, are treated for the moment with his characteristic energy and earnestness.

At the same time, as has been said by a friend: 'No words can exaggerate the extraordinary charm and brilliancy of his conversation, especially when any one is present who will resist the temptation to be a silent listener and will leap into the arena, take up the cudgels, throw in questions and criticisms, or in any other way act as steel to flint.'

There is nothing peculiar or elaborate in Mr. Gladstone's method of working. Interruption is almost fatal to him, but his power of concentration is so great that conversation, so long as it is consecutive, may buzz around him without his being conscious of any disturbance. He is unable to divide the machinery of his mind, as so many can do, working several smaller parts at once; he concentrates the whole upon the one thing.

When asked a question he often pauses so long before answering that he gives the impression of not having heard; but if his interlocutor is patient, he will get his answer in course of time—the train of thought must be finished.

But it is in truth difficult to say in Mr. Gladstone's life what is work and what is play. Everything he does is characterized by energy and intense vitality.

When some one asked him lately what gave him his first incentive to work, he replied, 'Being sent up for good by Hawtrey when I was twelve years old.' 'Sent up for good' is an Eton phrase, signifying that a boy's Latin verses have, on account of special merit, been sent up to the head master. And he had often said that the chief gift he received from the university training at Oxford was the appreciation taught him there of the value of intellectual truth.

One reason why he gets through in one day more than most people do in a week, is his economy of time. This is a habit which must have been acquired long ago, as in the year 1839—that of the double marriage of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton to the sisters Catherine and May Glynne—the two brothers-in-law surprised their wives, and awed them not a little, by filling up all odd bits and scraps of time with study or work. Out of their pockets would come the inevitable little classic at chance times of leisure.

Mr. Gladstone's day has often been described, but it would be an omission not to give it here, especially as the accounts in newspapers and reviews are seldom accurate.

No member of the Hawarden household can for a moment compete with Mr. Gladstone in regularity and punctuality. Always in his library, his 'Temple of Peace,' by eight o'clock, he has, if in his usual health, never been known since the year 1842 to fail to appear at church, three-quarters of a mile off, at half-past eight, for morning service. Nothing but illness has ever hindered him from daily attending this service. This is only carrying out a principle which was exemplified in his earlier days by the daily prayers which he had with his two servants when, a young man, he lodged in the Albany, in London.

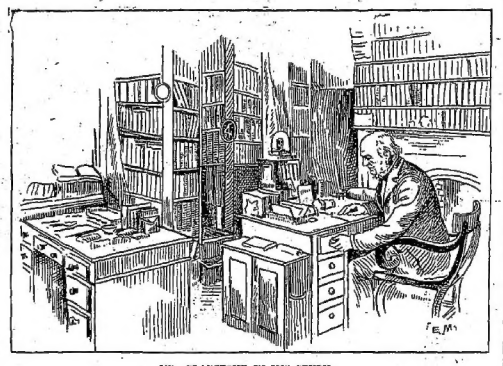
His correspondence is sifted by the son or daughter living most at home, and soon after breakfast a selection from his letters is brought to him. An average of one-tenth only of the postal arrivals is laid before him, and of these he answers about one-half. An interesting collection might be made out of the remainder, for probably no public man was ever addressed or consulted on so many hundred subjects.

When he is in office, the system is more elaborate.

The whole morning, whether at home or on a visit or holiday, is given up to business; and after two o'clock luncheon he resumes work for an hour or so, and till lately, occupied the recreation time with tree-cutting, which he chose as giving him the maximum of healthy exercise, in the minimum of time. But for the last two or three years he has generally spent the afternoon at his new library.

What is to be the future of this library is a secret, still locked within Mr. Gladstone's own breast. But whatever it be, the library is certainly in no sense adapted to become what is now termed 'a free library,' being, first and foremost, distinctly theological in its character.

To this building, erected a few years ago close to the church, he has transported twenty-four thousand books, every single volume of which has been put into its new nest with his own hands. Only those who have arranged their own few hundreds or thousands of books will realize the expenditure of thought, time and labor which this fact signifies. Fixed shelves, book-cases projecting into the room, an arrangement by subject, rather than by size or authorship, are his principles in arranging a library.



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.

Every day he looks over a number of book-sellers' catalogues, and there are certain subjects—anything for instance about witchcraft, strange religions, duelling, gypsies, epitaphs, marriage, Homer, Shakespeare or Dante—which are sure of getting an order. For first editions, he has no special appreciation, nor for wonderful or elaborate bindings. His copy of the Odyssey has been rebound several times, as he prefers always to use the same copy.

He usually has three books on hand at once, of various degrees of solidity, the evening one probably being a novel. Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler are the authors who have most deeply influenced him;—so he has himself written.

After five o'clock tea, a very favorite meal, he completes his correspondence.

Dressing is accomplished in from three to five minutes, and dinner over, the evening is spent in the cosy corner of his Temple of Peace, reading, with occasional pauses for meditation with closed eyes, which not unfrequently become a nap.

Once in bed, he never allows his mind to be charged with business of any kind, in consequence of which he sleeps the sound and healthy sleep of a child, from the moment his head is on the pillow until he is called next morning. This absolute power over his thoughts, won by long and strict habits of self-control, must be one of the principal causes of his freshness and youth. As an instance, he went home in the early morning after the defeat of his Home Rule Bill of 1886, and slept as usual, his eight hours.

There could not be a better illustration of his mind than his Temple of Peace,—his study, with its extraordinary methodical arrangement. Away from home he will write an exact description of the key or paper he requires, as: 'Open the left hand drawer of the writing table nearest the fireplace, and at the back of the drawer in the right hand corner, you will find some keys. You will see three on one ring. Send me the one with such and such teeth.'

His mind is arranged in the same way; he has only to open a particular compartment, labelled so and so, to find the information he requires. His memory, in consequence, is almost unfailing. It is commonly found that in old age the memory may be perfect as regards times long gone by, but inaccurate and defective as to more recent events. But with Mr. Gladstone the things of the present are as deeply stamped on his brain as the things of the past.

He read and greatly enjoyed Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' when it was first published, and one member of his family has had to re-read it two or three times, to keep pace with him in discussing the different methods of the fifteen different murders.

When worried or overdone with business, his reading has always been of inestimable value to him. During the General Election of last summer, this resource was, owning to an accident, denied him, and it was interesting to note that he was able to turn on the writing and thinking machines of his brain, to take its place.

During the Midlothian campaign and General Election, and through the Cabinet-making that followed, he was writing an article on Home Rule, written with all the force and freshness of a first shock of discovery; he was writing daily on the Psalms; he was composing a paper for the Oriental Congress (read in September by Professor Max Muller, and 'startling the world by its originality and ingenuity,') and he was preparing his Oxford lecture on 'The rise and progress of learning in the University of Oxford,—a subject necessitating the most careful investigation.

As an example of this patience and thoroughness of work may be given the fact that he spent two hours in searching through Hume for one single passage. He writes usually with rapidity, reads slowly, and his manuscript sheets are as a general rule marred with but few corrections.

In a paper of such narrow limits, it is difficult to select from the mass of interesting facts which teem and bubble in the memory. But perhaps what has been said will be enough to give some idea of Mr. Gladstone's daily life, and to impress especially upon the young the lesson of self-control which is the chief element in its example.

For in his own words, 'Precept freezes, while example warms. Precept addresses us, example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life,—a thing of flesh and blood. There is one kind of exchange at least, between nations, which hostile tariffs can hardly check, the exchange of high personal example.'

In applying these words to Mr. Gladstone himself, the question naturally arises, what is the underlying secret of this 'high personal example?' It will, I trust, not be thought presumptuous, if I venture to answer that the secret is to be found in the words recently written by him to a young American inquirer: 'All I write, and all I think and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race.'—*Mrs. Mary Drew.*

A BRAHMAN 'SAMUEL.'

Mr. Wright, of Tirumangalam, in the Madura mission gives the following interesting incident:

'On Sunday, June 11, after the lesson, I was asking the boys what they expected to do when they came to be men. One of them said that he hoped to be a minister. When I asked him how long he had been thinking of this, he replied; "I am dedicated to the Lord from my birth. That is why my name is Samuel." This is a Brahman boy. His parents are members of the Church of England, but they are living here now and come to our church. The boy is a member of our Endeavor Society. I am glad that there are many Christian boys in India, but few of them are Brahmans, and still fewer are dedicated to the ministry.

'When I see the great temples here that have stood for scores, and some of them for hundreds of years; when I see the people flocking by thousands and tens of thousands yearly, and in some cases monthly, to the great feasts of these temples; when I learn how they are endowed and what large sums of money are spent for the maintenance of these temples, and how the people are wedded to their Hindu faiths, I feel like saying, with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But when I see a Brahman boy, sitting among his fellows and saying with true Christian grace, "I am dedicated to the Lord from my birth," it does my heart good and I take courage.'—*Madura Mission.*

PERSEVERANCE.

Work must never be abandoned because of a few difficulties, perseverance will overcome most obstacles. There was, at the beginning of the seventh century, a bishop of Seville, whose name was Isidore. When a boy at school, he was wearied with the drudgery of learning, and despairing of ever getting on at his lessons, ran away from school. The sun grew hot, and he sat down to rest by a little spring that gushed over a rock; and he noticed that the continual dropping of the water had worn away a large stone. Then he thought that if the light rain of the spring could scoop out the heart of the stone, then assuredly constant learning would at last overcome his natural inaptitude at learning. He turned back, and reappearing at school, seated himself once more at his desk, and went on at the weary round of duties. The result was that he became a great doctor of the church, and that now, twelve hundred years after his death, his books are still studied.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Down from the engine thrown,
Wounded to death,
What were the words he spoke
With his last breath?

Was it a cry for aid,
Helpless lying
There in the rain—meet help
For the dying?

Nay, he had words to speak
Whate'er betide,
'Signal the down express!'
Gasped he, and died.

Done that he had to do.
What shall be said?
Silence is best—what words
Meet for this dead?

—*T. Yvonne B. in Great Thoughts.*

ELEPHANTS AT THE LONDON AQUARIUM.

(From the Pall Mall Budget.)

'Now that will be interesting for the children,' I thought, especially when I heard that these *funny* big babies performed all sorts of wonderful tricks. So off I went the other afternoon to see them, and thoroughly amused I was watching the performance, and learning the history of these cleverly-trained animals.

The troupe consists of four elephants—Rosie, Amalki, Eliza, and Mahomet. The eldest, who is Eliza, I think, is eight years of age, which is very young for an elephant, you know; and the youngest—Mahomet—is only four, and is therefore quite a wee mite of a thing. They are all highly accomplished, for one can dance and one can play the drum and another the organ; but I think the palm must be awarded to tiny Mahomet, who, besides doing these things, can—but I must 'begin from the beginning,' as we used to say long ago when we told fairy tales to each other.

When I arrived at the Aquarium it was not quite time for the performance, so with the kind permission of the manager I paid a visit to the elephants in their stable. They stood in a row, each beside the other, looking as demure and quiet as baby elephants could; but when I entered they became restless, moving their trunks up and down, while Mahomet, to whom I was nearest, stretched his trunk out and tapped me gently on the arm. 'Do they mistake me for their teacher?' I asked. 'No,' was the answer, 'they are far too clever to take one person for another: they are asking you for sugar or something nice; sometimes they get things like that from occasional visitors, and they remember, you see!' In a moment after this the signal came for the elephants to appear, so I hurried back and took my seat.

The band struck up a lively air, and in trotted merrily the four elephants, each adorned with a pretty white collar, and accompanied by their teacher and owner, Mdme. Marlowe. Then, at her gently-uttered words of command, they began to go through a series of evolutions, marching quickly, then slowly, bowing to the audience, setting to partners, and performing all these movements, too, with a precision wonderful to see. A musical trio followed these preliminaries. A big drum, a concertina fixed on a stand, and a small barrel organ were brought in. Eliza and her companions knew immediately what to do, for they took their stand behind the instruments and began to play them with a vigor that made me feel sure that they enjoyed what they were doing.

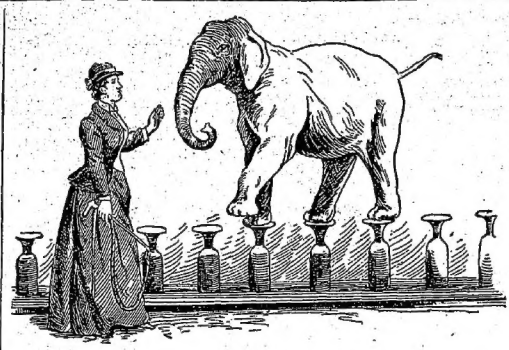
I suspect some of you will be wondering how these baby elephants perform on the instruments I have named. Well, you can see by the picture the way Rosie beats the drum. The concertina is suspended from a stand, and Amalki twines her trunk around it and pulls it backward and forward. If you look at the second sketch you will see Eliza discoursing sweet strains upon the barrel organ, while Amalki dances mounted on a large tub. I am sure the audience (myself for one) would have liked this highly original band of musicians to repeat its performance. But time would not admit of any encores, and so the stage was cleared again, and the performers sat demurely in a row until a dozen large wooden bottles had been brought in and placed side by side. Then Eliza was called from the group, and began to walk, not the tight-rope, but the bottles, in the way you see in our sketch on the next page.

It was amusing to watch the gravity and yet the willingness with which this sensible creature obeyed her teacher's bidding, and to note the interested manner with which the other elephants watched their companion's movements. Eliza's clever performance produced considerable applause, especially when she was led forward after and bowed gracefully twice on her bended knees.

Look at our fourth picture, 'Mahomet having his dinner.' Is it not delightfully funny? And it was funnier still to see that wee baby elephant ringing a bell imperatively for some one to come and attend to him. Mahomet's tastes are dainty; a nice sugar-coated cake is his great weakness, followed by a draught of milk, and both these treats were provided him the day I saw him dine. When the meal was ended Mahomet was given a coin, which he presented solemnly to the waiter. I'm afraid the rest of the band envied their tinier brother his good fortune in being treated to cake and milk every night. But, like little Tommy Tucker, he sang for his supper—and deserved it, I think.

When the performance was over I boldly made my way through a maze of dark passages to the back of the stage, and had an interesting little chat with Madame Marlowe about her clever elephants. I heard from her that it was but six or eight months ago that the four little creatures were brought from their native home in India. They were then perfectly wild, and in this short space of time Madame Marlowe and her husband had brought them to such a wonderful condition of tameness. 'And what is your method?' I asked. 'Kindness, nothing but kindness,' was the reply. 'Get animals to believe in your good intentions towards them, and you can do anything with them. Elephants, as you perhaps know, are particularly fond of anything sweet. As soon, therefore, as these young ones learnt a little of the trick we wished them to perform, they soon learnt, too, that sugar and cakes were the reward for being good. I scarcely ever use the whip to animals I am taming—and my elephants would not know the meaning of it,' she concluded with a kindly smile. This little troupe of elephants have performed in many parts of Europe, and Madame Marlowe wears a glittering medal, of which she is justly proud, for it was presented to her by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for her marvellous power of taming wild animals and her unfailing kindness towards them.

ELIZA PLAYS THE ORGAN—AMALKI DANCES.



ELIZA WALKS ON UPRIGHT BOTTLES.

HOW A VILLAGEFUL OF CHILDREN RAN AWAY.

One bright summer morning, over forty years ago, a little village in Northwestern Ohio was in a great state of excitement because every child in the village had suddenly disappeared before breakfast. There was reason for uneasiness, for it was a new country, and the fears of the parents suggested wolves, bears, or even Indians, though they saw no signs of them. Where could the children have gone? Had they fallen into the creek, or into the big rainwater troughs that ran across the end of each house? Each father ran to the creek and each mother peered into her rainwater trough, but no children were to be found. They hadn't gone to the neighbors, for all were alike bereft.

There was wringing of hands and hurrying of feet, and shouting of general bewilderment, until Mrs. Forrest said she saw the marks of little feet in the sand. Then all the fathers started to follow the tracks, and all the mothers hurried to get breakfast, for they knew the little folks would be very hungry when they came home, which would surely be very soon.

The tracks led across the hot, sandy road, and the swift feet of the men gained upon the wavering steps of the little wanderers. They would soon be in sight, the men said to each other, as they hurried along.

Yes, after half a mile had been passed, they paused on the brow of a little hill and saw in the hollow the lost children.

Then half of the fathers shouted "Mary!" and all the little girls stopped and looked back; and half of the fathers shouted "Henry!" and all the boys stopped and looked back; and then both boys and girls began to run, but were soon caught by the fathers, who, now that they were no longer afraid that something dreadful had happened, grew angry and began to scold and to shake the children.

"Where were you going?" asked one father.

"To grandpa's," said Henry.

"To grandpa's," lisped Mary.

Which Henry? Why, there was but one. And there was but one Mary! Only one. Those two were all the children there were in the whole village. And how big was the village? It had just two houses and a postoffice. One house was of rough logs, and this was Henry's home. The other was a board "lean to" that was to be the kitchen to a bigger house, some day, when Mr. Forrest got rich, and that was Mary's home.

The postoffice was a post with a box on the top. When the mail-carrier came through the village every two weeks he left the mail in the box. The whole village went out and helped themselves to their letters and papers.

The two fathers made the children walk home, though Mary was not quite three years old and was clad only in her little night dress. Henry was a year older and dressed.

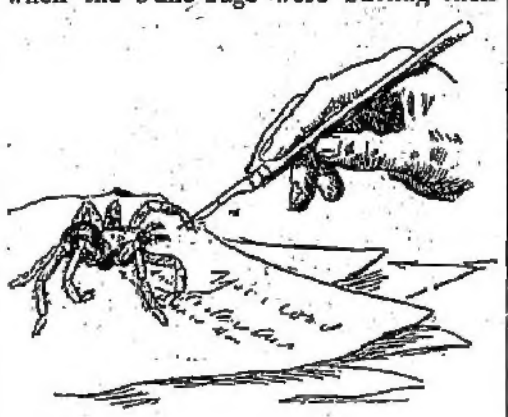
Mary has forgotten all about it, but her father says that even after forty years he is sorry that he did not carry her home.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

MAHOMET HAVING HIS DINNER.

JEHOSHAPHAT.

I cannot say what association of ideas suggested this name for my pet, but I knew at sight that he was a king among spiders. An acquaintance of something more than two months demonstrated that he had excellent qualities, as kings and spiders go.

It was a warm evening in early summer, when the June-bugs were butting their



heads against the screens. I had just turned up my student-lamp to full blaze, when there was a thud, as a big, dark object leaped down upon the spread-out papers.

After a swift circuit about the table the biggest spider I ever set eyes upon inside the house came up to the head of the page. He fixed his eight eyes upon my arrested hand and pen.

As he stood with his legs spread out he would have covered a circle of nearly three inches in diameter. But the Quaker-like vesture of uniform gray was guarantee that he was not venomous, but of peaceful character.

'Hello! Jehoshaphat! where did you come from?' was my greeting and spontaneous christening.

I carefully withdrew the pen to see if he would come upon the written page. He felt the edge of the paper cautiously with his forefoot, spider-fashion, then ventured slowly until he struck the wet ink. There he curled up all his legs, and backed off with a show of supreme disgust.

Then he took another swift circuit among the papers, and disappeared as suddenly as he had come—from I knew not where.

I supposed he had strayed in from outside, and did not expect to see him again. But the next night, no sooner had I turned up the lamp for the evening's work than he was running about the papers on the table. He never came in the day-time, but during the months of his sojourn in the house he seldom failed to pay me a visit if I wrote in the evening, though sometimes he would stay but a moment.

He never troubled himself to weave a web. If he wanted to come from the ceiling to my writing-table he would run down the wall and be up the leg of the table, over the edge, and darting about the papers and pigeon-holes before the fastest-weaving spider could have got half-way down.

He could leap like a tarantula, and would spring up into the air and turn-about-face like a surprised greyhound if I chanced to shove a paper too close to his hind feet.

Sometimes I caught his bright eyes fixed upon me from the wall, and the next instant he would be upon the table in a playful mood. Though he would run freely over other paper, nothing would induce him, after that first night's experience with wet ink, to come upon the page upon which I was writing.

But if he felt like a frolic he would come up to the edge of the paper and watch the pen. If I reversed it and pointed it toward him he would cuff the end of the pen-holder, and dart back and cuff it again, like a playful kitten.

But if I followed him too closely he would dart back to the other side of the table and fix his eyes upon mine like eight diamond points. If I pointed the pen at him again he would go off the table in a flash and not return that night.

Learning his ways, I became careful not to carry the play so far as to offend his royal feelings. When a spider comes to know you by the eyes you have gone a good way toward cultivating its acquaintance; and when it learns to hold the eyes responsible for the conduct of the hand it has reached one of the highest manifestations of spider intelligence.

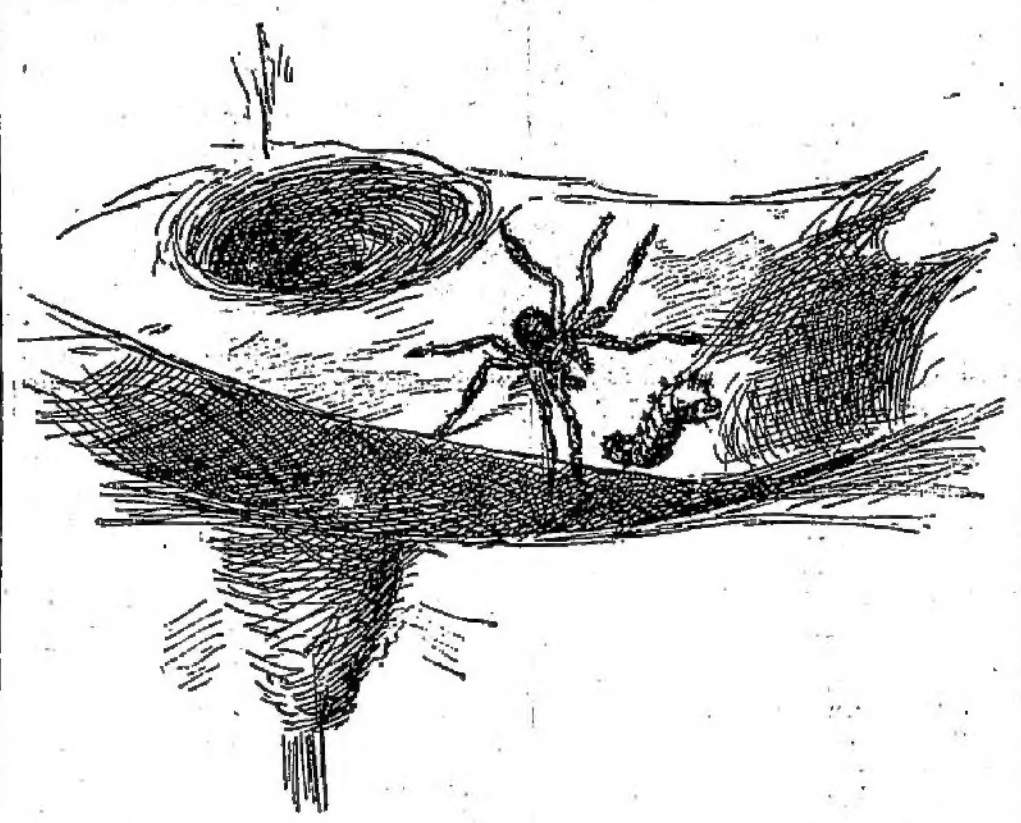
For a time after Jehoshaphat made his appearance it was a puzzle to know where he had established himself. A quantity of web appeared behind a large picture over the secretary. Thinking this the king's palace, I would not allow it to be disturbed onsweeping-day. But on mounting a chair to take observations I discovered that the webs were inhabited by several sedentary spiders—the kind that stay in their nets day and night, and wait for their game to come to them. They are a stupid lot, and keep such filthy houses that nobody cares to have them build inside a room.

Jehoshaphat belonged to the race of hunting-spiders. His kind usually establish their nets in out-of-the-way corners, and come out to hunt their food. The houses of the gray hunting-spiders are compactly woven, and always tidy.

Some days later I discovered a large, newly-woven web in the bedroom, partly at the end and partly behind the washstand in the corner. Peering over, I could get a glimpse of the huge spider, and supposed I had found Jehoshaphat's place of residence. It occasioned considerable inconvenience, but we were careful not to have the web disturbed.

But a few nights afterward when I went into the bedroom I saw what I supposed was my spider-king upon the wall. I was curious to know if he would recognize me, but upon approaching I saw that while the spider had a body as big as Jehoshaphat's, or even larger, its legs were shorter, and it was more clumsy and not nearly as alert as my friend.

Further investigation in the daytime revealed that Jehoshaphat had a wife and family established behind the washstand;



at least, there were a mother spider and several balls from which young spiders were likely to be hatched.

As Jehoshaphat came and went freely in and out of the bedroom during the evening, I took it for granted that he lived with his family, and care was taken not to disturb the washstand.

My combined secretary and writing-table is an old-fashioned piece of furniture, without castors, and is moved only when some change demands. It was brought out from the wall one carpet-cleaning day; and the removal called forth the ejaculation 'Gracious! there's spider-webs enough behind it.'

At the same instant Jehoshaphat leaped down to the floor from his demolished palace and ran into the bedroom.

There was nothing to be done but remove the ruins and give him a cleared site upon which to erect his habitation again if he wished to come back to his old quarters. Any well-regulated spider will weave a new net in preference to patching up an old one.

But I felt that his majesty would fix upon me all the iniquities of the Edomites and Moabites, and was not sorry that other occupation kept me from my writing-table that evening.

There was a great rattling going on all night, and I knew from a certain tapping sound, which large spiders make when attaching their webs to the wall, that he was building inside the bedroom. In the morning there was a fine white silken palace some four feet above the floor, woven almost as compactly as fine India lawn, in the corner just inside the door.

It was built up and down the space, a few inches in width and little more than an inch in depth, between the casing and the corner, with a semicircular balcony around the upper story of the funnel-shaped edifice. The ingenuity with which a spider adapts his habitation to the locality might be a lesson to some of our modern architects.

Down in the lower story sat Jehoshaphat, peering out at me through the walls of gauze, his bright eyes seeming to say, 'I have built right here in plain sight, under your protection.'

Surely it was more meet that he should be in the same room with his family. Both spiders usually remained in their nets during the daytime, though sometimes I saw Jehoshaphat dart across the wall and disappear down behind the washstand, evidently to see that all was going on well with his household.

I never saw the female spider enter the house of her liege lord, but on several occasions I saw her start to approach his net. Before she could reach it, however, he would dart out, pass her by and disappear into the family net, leaving her to follow at her slower pace.

What domestic exigency demanded his presence I never knew but once. That time a caterpillar that had found its way into the house and into the bedroom had become entangled in the outer edge of the web behind the washstand.

Jehoshaphat danced about the intruder in an ecstasy of anger and disgust. I knew what the fate of the hairy monster would be from past observations on similar occasions. I only waited to see whether he would do the work himself or set his wife at it.

But she disappeared within after calling her natural protector to the scene of trouble. He stopped dancing and began to make the darting movements that meant business. When I looked an hour or more afterward the interloper lay upon the floor, swathed and reswathed in spider-web until it looked no more like a caterpillar than an enrobed mummy looks like a man.

The edge of the net was repaired, and Jehoshaphat was back to his own house.

He had occupied his new palace some two weeks when I saw a large cricket hopping about on the rug. I should have noticed it because it was somewhat in advance of the cricket season, but I also recognized it. Though I cannot describe the points of recognition, it appeared as familiar to my sight as a known cat or dog would have done. How and where it had passed the many intervening months I knew not, but I felt sure that it was one of my pair of crickets.

I mentioned the arrival to the person who was my room companion at the time, but little credit was placed in my ability to distinguish the countenance of a cricket till an energetic shake by the arm awakened me in the night.

'If that is your cricket, I want you to make it stop its noise,' was uttered in a tone of irritation from interrupted dreams.

Sleepy as I was, I could have made affidavit to the tone and volume of sound that distinguished my night-chorister of the summer before. Then, as you can hear the sound of a dropped pebble amid the roar of the ocean, I could hear the scamper of spiders' feet across the wall-paper. They evidently did not approve the opened serenade. Perhaps they feared it would wake their babies.

'Do you suppose the spiders will kill the cricket?' I asked, with concern.

'I hope so,' was the fervent response.

At the moment the song abruptly ceased. Vaguely wondering what might be my duty in the case, but with somnolent conviction that I was too sleepy to do duty of any kind, I dropped into forgetfulness of spiders and crickets.

Next day nothing was to be found of the songster. I had never seen a spider attack a cricket, though I have often seen them in close proximity. Once when I noticed a large cricket leap into the net of a big spider the owner only ran about in anxiety, while the cricket kicked itself loose, to the destruction of a considerable portion of the web.

I did not like to think that Jehoshaphat was less hospitable or more vindictive than his fellows; but what had become of my cricket?

One afternoon several days later I heard the low chant of a cricket love-song, and going at once to see, there were my pair of crickets—the same ones I firmly believe—in their old place under the corner of the rug. The singers had only come on in advance to reconnoitre their summer house. The spider-king was up in his palace, and although the low chant was kept up the greater part of the afternoon he did not disturb them.

I was writing late that evening, and Jehoshaphat was keeping me company, darting about the table. The spider-queen never came near me. I tried at different times and by various methods to interest her in my presence; but while she did not show any fear I might have been a piece of furniture endowed with locomotion for all the intelligent notice she would take.

Suddenly the field cricket down in the corner broke forth in powerful song. The spider was off the table in a flash, and had disappeared behind the curtain before I turned my eyes. I followed quickly, pushing back the curtain to let in the light, but the music was stopped.

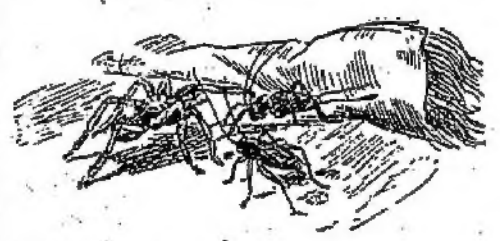
Jehoshaphat was down on the baseboard, a few inches above where the crickets were. He was pointing down at them with his forefoot, and did not stir when I lifted the rug. The crickets stood with their heads down to the floor, but did not look as if they were in any manner injured.

I believe he had simply been down and 'cuffed their ears,' as he was in the habit of cuffing my pen. I touched his hind feet—the correct method of disciplining a spider—and he ran up into his net: but as it was night he was not likely to stay there. Although I was wakeful that night I heard nothing more of the crickets.

I lifted the rug the first thing the next morning, and there was Jehoshaphat, as big as life, in occupation of the cricket's music-room. Nothing of them could anywhere be seen. Feeling helpless in the situation, I ignored his presence and winked at his evil doings.

He had only driven the crickets out of the bedroom, without hurting them. That afternoon I could hear the love-chant, sounding muffled and distant. I could tell that they had withdrawn to quarters down behind the post, near their door of ingress and egress, where the rotting timbers undoubtedly gave them ample room.

I heard them chant and sing there for a week or more, but I never saw either of



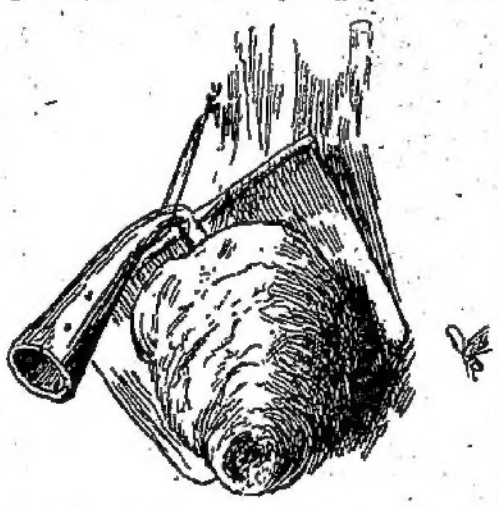
them afterward. Evidently they made up their minds that the disagreeable neighbor who had driven them out of their own parlors was a permanent resident and would not move, and decided to take their own departure.

It was only a short time afterward that

the spiders were forced to emigrate likewise. For some time we had been pestered by hornets that had built their nest in some unknown place near the house. One bright day when the hornets were uncommonly active, the outside doors, without screens, had been left open, and several hornets got into the house.

The canaries were protected by netting, and we killed the intruders as they went to the windows as fast as we could get a chance. Thinking about the spiders I went into the bedroom; and there was trouble enough.

Jehoshaphat was running with great rapidity about the wall, to attract the attention of the enemy to himself, I believe. The mother spider, with her legs close together, and one of the young spiders held



between, was creeping along the edge of the rug close to the wall, when a hornet came out from behind the washstand.

I gave the intruder a violent brush, and then a battle ensued, during which neither the hornet nor myself took time to watch the spiders. A darting, mad hornet is no inferior antagonist, but I succeeded in driving it out into the study, and finally managed to kill it without getting stung.

When I went back to see how the spiders were getting on I could find nothing of them, nor ever saw either of them afterward. Their webs were left for a time, but they began to gather dust, as empty houses will, and were demolished by broom and dusting-brush. As no dead young spiders were found, we trusted that Jehoshaphat and his wife and their children got off in safety.

We have not so much as a silken thread by which to remember Jehoshaphat and his family, but we have a handsome hornet's nest, which was discovered after it was deserted, under an old hoe without a handle which some one had hung to a loose clapboard on the back side of the woodshed.—*J. Alvord Dingee, in Youth's Companion.*

AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSON.

During the Civil War many Northern men, instead of going into the army themselves, gave large sums of money to others to go in their places.

A distinguished Northern general had left an important post, in one of the border States, in the care of a subordinate officer, Colonel M——. Many negroes lived around this post who had been slaves, unable to read or write, and, of course, ignorant of the value of money. These could easily be obtained, for a small sum, to enter the army as substitutes for rich men. A short time after the commander had gone a man was ushered into Colonel M——'s presence.

'Colonel,' he said, in a confidential manner, 'I see a chance for you and me to make something handsome. Some Northern nabobs are advertising for substitutes. Now, we can buy up these darkies for little or nothing, and offer them to Northern men for what they will give, which will be a big, round sum, you may be sure, and we can pocket the difference. I shouldn't wonder, now,' continued the man, 'that we could make as much as——

'Stop!' said the Colonel, wheeling around in his chair, and fixing his eyes indignantly on his tempter, 'would you make such a proposal to General H——?'

A frightened expression swept over the man's face, as an emphatic 'no' burst violently from his lips.

'Well, then,' said the Colonel, rising and preparing to bow his unwelcome guest from his presence, 'don't make it to me.'

The Colonel was a small man, but I doubt not that, as he uttered that last word, he assumed, to the person addressed, the grand proportions of the officer for whom he was acting.

Christians, young and old, is not that a good rule for all to follow? How many temptations might be met and conquered just as quickly and completely as this was, by asking the question, What would the Master do under such circumstances? and instantly, without any parleying, acting in accordance with the decision. If Christians are the representatives of their Lord upon earth, it is not merely a safe rule, but the only rule, for their guidance; and, if followed, it will settle, satisfactorily and forever, all those vexed questions of social and business life that so often prove snares to the feet. Then, too, with what grandeur and nobility that view of duty clothes the poorest and weakest of the followers of Jesus. 'Not I, but Christ in me,' they can truly say. What mighty strivings it creates in them to measure up to that lofty ideal of character and conduct which he holds up before all who would truly represent him upon earth.

The only conception that some people have of Christ and Christianity is that which they receive from Christians around them. What will the world think of Christ if I pursue such a course of conduct? is a question that, if answered aright, would change many a stumbling-block into a bright light, shining with a clear and steady radiance, a sure guide to many groping, half-blinded souls.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

In the late number of *The Golden Rule* Dr. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, in a very practical letter declares himself to be in favor of giving one-tenth of his income to missions. He writes, among other interesting items, 'At Cleveland, next July, twenty-five beautiful diplomas will be given to the societies that report the largest number of pledged proportionate systematic givers to missions.'

I like a prize of that sort. It will be noticed that the award is not for the largest amount of money, because that would exclude all but the richest societies, but it is given to encourage the systematic giver, which may include the humblest offering from even the smallest child.

The simple addition of figures will often give astonishing results. Dr. Clark makes a quiet little estimate in figures which is interesting. Supposing that there are 300,000 Endeavorers who have, on an average, a regular income of $500 per year, they will earn during the coming year $150,000,000. One-tenth of $150,000,000 is $15,000,000;—three times as much, it is said, as the missionaries of the country received last year.

'But this sum can be earned and can be given,' concludes the writer. 'It is only a question of your doing your duty and of my doing mine. Shall we do it? I mean to do mine in this respect during the coming year, and I will add this clause to my individual personal pledge to the Lord Jesus Christ:

'I will give one-tenth of my income for the coming year to the service of Christ.'

'Will you join me in this endeavor?'

This prominent and decided announcement of his purpose in proportionate giving by a Christian leader so well known and so cordially trusted can but have a great influence over the minds of many who are yet hesitating as to what their duty may be in the line of Christian giving. Dr. Clark makes this announcement in his customary simple and practical manner, with no desire evidently to make a show of his generosity, but for the benefit of his companions in Christian Endeavor. There is no trace of the sensational or sentimental character in the Christianity of this C. E. leader. His deliberations and final judgments in matters of Christian duty are based on the principles of common sense and righteous living, and they can but commend themselves to all who will carefully study the public utterances and the corresponding acts of the man.

Only a few days ago in my own parlor a young woman who has come to love 'giving' because she practises it quietly said that she was going to give one-tenth of her income the coming year for Christian work. She had come to the conclusion in the calmness of her own convictions, that some system of proportionate giving was the best plan to be adopted and that one-tenth of all she possessed was the very least offering that she could afford to make to the Lord Jesus Christ. It would be interesting to know if it were possible how many individuals throughout the churches have this year made this same resolve.—*Ida Fullonton in Morning Star.*

THE GENTLEMAN'S PSALM.

Very few people would agree exactly in giving a definition of a gentleman. Some have the idea that he is a man who lives on the income of his property and does no work; others have other ideas on the subject. Here is one that was once given by a Christian lady: She was the widow of an officer in the army, and was at a review with her young son when several officers, who had known her late husband, came to talk to her, and the conversation ran on former common friends. At last she asked about a certain captain, who had risen from the ranks by distinguished service.

'Oh, said one of the officers, 'I don't know anything about him; he's a snob.'

'A snob!' answered the lady, fired with indignation. 'I tell you he was the truest gentleman in the regiment.'

'Indeed?' said her companion with a sneer; 'then, as you seem to be so conversant with the matter, perhaps you will kindly tell us what is a gentleman.'

Quietly, and without a moment's hesitation, the lady, looking straight in his face, repeated the fifteenth Psalm.'

'That is my definition of a gentleman,' said she.

Her little boy, a mere child of eight or ten, was by. A day or two afterwards she happened to find in his pocket a piece of paper, on which was written out, in his childish hand, the whole of this Psalm, and at the beginning it was headed, 'The Gentleman's Psalm.'—*Exchange.*

BE PROMPT.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between.

It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in life. 'My father taught me,' was the reply, 'when I had anything to do, to go and do it. There is the secret—the magic word, now!—*The Lutheran.*

AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.

Being challenged as to his reasons for refusing wine on one occasion while in England, Dr. A. T. Pierson related the following incident: 'In Paris, during the Reign of Terror, there was a magazine where an immense amount of gunpowder was stored with other kinds of explosives. There was a man there who took out his pipe, filled it with tobacco, and lit it with a taper. His companion said, 'You should not smoke in this magazine; if you are going to smoke go out there.' He replied, 'I am not going to have my liberty interfered with.' Liberty! Has any man a right to exercise liberty when his indulgence is endangering millions of other people? It is quite a mistaken notion of liberty if you claim the right to smoke in a magazine of gunpowder. But the drinking habit is worse than a match lit in such a magazine. There is not only peril in drink, but there is absolute and consummate destruction in it, and I do not know how I could take any other position, knowing the effects of the drink traffic, than to set myself against it tooth and nail, with pen and tongue, with principle and practice, and I ask God to help you all to look at it in the same light.'

PROVIDENCE.

Somewhere, underneath the sky,
While the summer winds pass by,
Fed by sunshine, soil, and rain,
Springs and grows the ripening grain,
That with wheaten bread shall feed
Thee and thine, in time of need,
While thou toilest, heavy-hearted,
As if hope and thou were parted.

Some stout hand the furrows made,
And the seed within them laid:
And some watchful eye took care,
Lest, from out the earth or air,
Weed or winged or creeping creature
To the toil should bring defeature.
God and man the wheat have tended,
And from drought and deluge 'tended.

By some river, never still,
Stands the dusty, hurrying mill,
That shall grind thy grain to flour.
Waiting now the day and hour.
Somewhere ship and train are keeping
Room for it. While Thou art sleeping
They may bring their freight anigh thee,
But thy own will not pass by thee.

Is it well to sigh and fret
When God's workmen all are set
Each at his own task for thee?
And His messengers will be
All so fleet and free, transmitting
Treasure for thy benefiting?
Naught can hinder or evade Him,—
Sun, earth, seas, He has to aid Him.

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